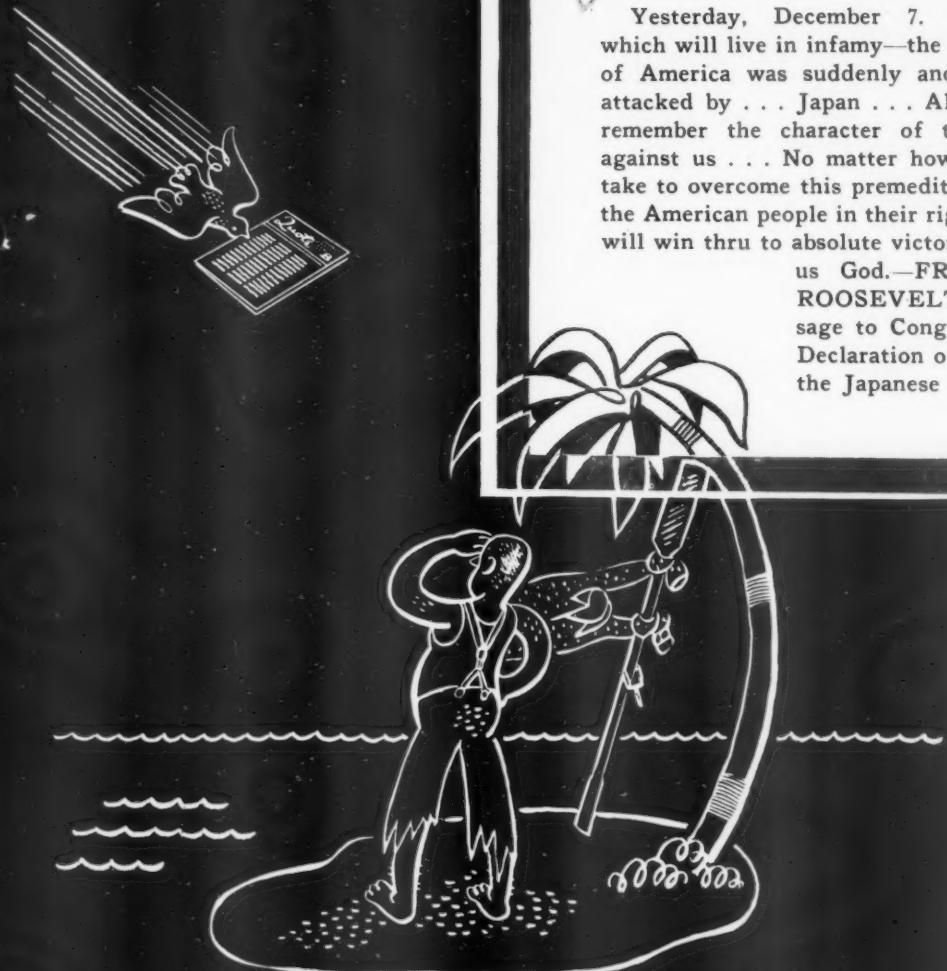


Quote

VOL. 2

INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA, DECEMBER 13, 1941

NO. 24



✓ Yesterday, December 7, 1941—a date which will live in infamy—the United States of America was suddenly and deliberately attacked by . . . Japan . . . Always will we remember the character of the onslaught against us . . . No matter how long it may take to overcome this premeditated invasion, the American people in their righteous might will win thru to absolute victory . . . so help us God.—FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT, in his message to Congress, asking a Declaration of War against the Japanese Empire.

For those who will not be *Mentally Marooned*

WORLD WEEK

On March 29, 1941, after passage of the lease-lend bill, QUOTE said: ". . . the Axis may conceivably declare war on the U. S. . . in an effort to force Japan to fulfill her obligations under the Three Power pact. We have previously suggested this move as a probability. Conditions may now make it expedient for Hitler to act." We have repeated the forecast at intervals since that date.

The action of December 11 was, of course, part of a concerted plan. The earlier Japanese attack was carefully timed for this climax. Though a jolt to peace-loving Americans, the declaration will not prove the profound shock that Hitler intended. It should not alter our nat'l strategy in any significant respect. We have been theoretically at war with the Axis since passage of lease-lend; in actual conflict since we armed our merchant ships.

The Axis declaration, coupled with the Japanese attack upon our Pacific interests, will electrify and unify the country as nothing else could have done. Already, there is a new "feel" in the air. Production is speeding. Recruiting offices are awirl with activity. Banks, post offices and other agencies report new highs in sale of securities. All in all, Hitler's action a favorable factor.

Incidentally, we believe QUOTE is only national weekly or service—certainly the first—to hold that the initiative of declaration would come from the Axis.

JAPAN: Historical Summary—Japan's attack upon the United States did not begin on December 7, 1941. If you must have a date, take the night of September 18, 1931, which marks the initial invasion of Manchuria (now Manchukuo). The U. S., properly refused to recognize that conquest—and Japanese imperialism was born.

It was in that campaign that militarists gained complete ascendancy in Japan. They cast out popular gov't and, thru assassination and kindred brutalities, smothered every spark of international-mindedness. In that early hour the militarists made their decision: *Japan must command all Asia!* The idea had long been brewing, but ten years ago the Plan was evolved: Japan must dominate China, take Siberia to the lake of Baikal; wipe out every hampering trace of the white man in Pacific waters.

Now, to the militarists of Nippon, this idea was neither fantastic nor feasible. It was Destiny. You will err enormously in assuming logic and rationalism as concomitants of the Japanese mind. As we have sought to make clear in weeks leading up to this crisis, the Japanese, and especially the Japanese militarists simply do not think that way. Whether they can *win* a war is not the dominant consideration. Probably it plays no significant part in the plan. If Destiny decrees war, war will be waged. Personal life and individual or collective welfare mean nothing to the Japanese warrior. This is not so much bravery as it is a form of mesmerism. For the

Quote prophesies . . .

LONG RANGE FORECAST: At first favorable opportunity, Hitler will attempt invasion of Ireland, with dual purpose of using that country as springboard for attack on England; employing Irish harbors as submarine bases to intensify Battle of Atlantic.

RUSSIA: Because Stalin has as much to lose in Japanese victory as democracies, we think he will eventually renounce non-aggression treaty with Japan and at least permit U. S. use of Siberian airfields, as bombing bases. We expect slow decision; possibly negative initial response. Hitler action in attempting separate peace with Russia was foreseen. . . . Russia will presently reclaim all Donets Basin.

soldier believes with all his being that there is no death so glorious as that of the battlefield. And doubtless there is no Japanese within the militaristic circle who would not liefer destroy his nation than lose face with his neighbor. Once she has determined upon a Plan, Japan has no alternative but to press forward.

Such is the strange, mystic mind with which we now must grapple. Perhaps it is too much to expect the Western world ever to understand fully these contradictory characters who affect the habits and habiliments of the Twentieth Century, whilst they consort mentally with the Shoguns and the Samurai. In war, Japan's machines may be modern, but her mores are medieval.

The generally accepted belief that Japan's action was dominated from Berlin is true only in a limited sense. Japan has been hugging a dream longer than that. The Japanese militarist was sleeping with his calenture mistress when A. Hitler was yet an obscure Austrian. Japan's Fascism predates that of Italy; its National Socialism is older than the Nazi regime. The Axis merely made the opportunity; gave the Rising Sun its chance to shine. The timing is the timing of Hitler, but the ideology is the ideology of Nippon.

... — *Fight is over! Confederate vets, meeting in Atlanta, voted to join Yanks and declare war on Japan!*

Franklin Roosevelt

Publisher.

Quote

"He Who Never Quotes, is Never Quoted."—Charles Haddon Spurgeon

"Let's by the Almighty God, see to it that the boys, if they have to go, go with guns in their hands, and not broomhandles."—W.M. S. KNUDSEN, Co-Director, OPM.

" "

"I'm 100% in favor of saving, but I'm just sick of hearing it said that housewives should donate old love letters to the U. S. A., while the expense of defense and gov't is twice as high as it would be if people with as much thrift as an intelligent housewife has were in charge of things."—Mrs. WALTER FERGUSON, in her Syndicated Column.

" "

"It costs Japan \$1000 to make a hole, and it costs us \$2 to fill it up."—Chinese official, discussing the Burma Road with Daniel Arnstein, American traffic expert.

" "

"I disagree entirely with the principle of the utmost pay-as-you-go war finance policy. The tax burden now is as heavy as practicable. The present generation is bearing the full brunt of conflict in blood and economic stress and the financial load should in fairness be distributed over perhaps a century under an orderly plan of retirement and a low interest basis."—C. W. PETERSEN, Editor, *Farm and Ranch Review*, Canada.

" "

"The nation can't afford the economic death of thousands of small business men who are pillars of their home towns, supporters of churches and schools, employers of careful craftsmen who have worked years for jobs and homes. . . . 2% of scarce material supply would keep them all alive for six months, 4% for a year."—FLOYD OOLUM, Director Contract Distribution Dep't., OPM.

"May we
Quote
you on that?"

ISOLATION

R. I. P.

"We urge all who have subscribed to our principles to give support to the war effort of this country until the conflict with Japan is brought to a successful conclusion."—AMERICA FIRST COMMITTEE.

" "

"From this day forth we have but one task—to protect and preserve the American freedom that we all hold dear."—CHICAGO TRIBUNE.

" "

"All controversy as to why we were put in our present position should be forgotten as we follow the lead of our Gov't."—LYNN U. STAMBAUGH, Nat'l Commander, American Legion.

" "

"Our decision is clear. It is forced upon us. We must fight with everything we have."—HERBERT HOOVER.

" "

Similar protestations of devotion and support have been recorded from Senator Bert Wheeler, Charles A. Lindbergh and other arch isolationists.

"It's about time capital and labor got together and supported a nation that's been supporting them both."—HARRY N. STROUSS.

" "

"If the boys can keep 'em flying, we can keep 'em rolling."—EUGENE E. WILSON, President United Aircraft, whose production schedules call for 2,000,000 horse power per month.

"In the past we have had a light which flickered. In the present we have a light which flames."—WINSTON CHURCHILL.

"In wartime, the cost of strikes is paid with the blood of soldiers. I would not follow a general into war who will not keep discipline in the supply lines. . . ."—SENATOR MILLARD TYDINGS, a World War veteran and winner of the Distinguished Service Cross, speaking before the Senate.

" "

"When the stars aren't in pajamas or cutting up on the chaise lounge, they're talking about what the audience is thinking about. . . . There's a double meaning to nearly everything said, and nearly everything is said."—Variety, reviewing "Two-Faced Woman" starring Greta Garbo.

" "

"I don't think much of birthdays. After all, what is a year but a man-made invention, ticked off by mechanical clocks?"—DAVID WARFIELD, actor, on his 75th birthday.

" "

"Long engagements may be out of style, but we're glad we waited until we were sure."—TOMMY MANVILLE, at the time of his fifth marriage, which lasted 17 days.

Quote

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AMERICANISMS

On November 22, huge crowds drove distances up to 100 miles or more to sit for two hours in a cold, drizzling rain to watch two football teams which could not properly execute their plays because of a wet field and slippery ball. In the crowds were hundreds of women who will begin to shiver any time the house gets below 75 degrees; thousands of people who will not go two or three blocks to church if there is the least sprinkle.—*Washington (Ind.) Herald*.

ARMY—Enlistment

In the interest of better *esprit de corps*, less homesickness, and more recruits, the Army Air Corps is now advertising a group enlistment plan whereby 20 qualified applicants from a given town or college can team up and take their seven and a half months of training together.—JAMES S. TYLER, "Pealed Eye Dept.", *Advertising & Selling*, 11-41.

ART—Simplicity

Michelangelo was summoned by Piero de Medici and told, "I want you to make a snowman." The great sculptor looked at Piero in amazement but saw no insult was intended.

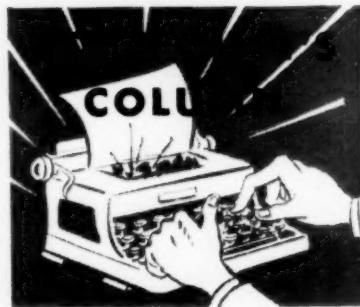
Michelangelo bowed low. There was nothing humiliating in being asked to do this. A great artist is one who knows how to execute a work, whatever the material at his disposal. And when the gleaming figure was finished, Michelangelo stayed at the palace.—MARCEL BRION, *Michelangelo*, (Grey-stone).

CHILDREN—Responses

Wherever a small 5-year-old lad goes, he is stopped by dear, elderly ladies who say, running a hand thru his mass of curly hair, "O, what beautiful curls! Where did you get them?" For months the child made no reply whatsoever. He waited until his first dinner in a restaurant when again a kindly old lady paused by his chair. "O, what lovely curls," she murmured giving them a playful rumpling. "Where did you get them?" The child looked up, shuddered and replied, "It's a toupee."—*Front Views and Profiles*, *Chicago Daily Tribune*, 12-4-41.

CHURCH—Financing

When St. Mark's Methodist Church in Rockville Center, L. I., burned down the minister recalled the parable of the man who gave pieces of silver to his servants bidding them to invest these pieces and return the



London's Reaction

By WM. H. STONEMAN

Five members of the Japanese embassy staff were playing cards in the embassy in London Sunday night when they switched on the radio. According to a secretary, they were thunderstruck. All automatically cried, "It can't be true!"

People were struck by the similarity between this situation and the one in April 1939 when the British were expected to take the initiative in stopping passage of German ships through Norwegian territorial waters. Then, as now, it was the Axis which struck first.

In that case, Axis preparations had been so thorough that Norway and Britain hadn't a dog's chance of stopping the attack. This time the scales are more evenly weighed and it is assumed by everybody that the United States is well prepared for the later rounds.

The ordinary Englishman's first reaction to Japan's attack was one of blank amazement. Here are some typical comments:

Newsdealer: "Well, they ought to sell pretty well today. We're all in the soup together now. The more the merrier, I say."

Cigar Store Proprietor: "Pretty bad, isn't it? But it's no more than you could expect."

Taxi Driver: "I don't like it at all. It's terrible."

Engineer: "Those damned Japs must be bats. The Americans will slaughter them. Now, watch the Americans go to work."

Bobby: "It would have been better if the Japs had stayed out, of course, but it was bound to happen. What about your isolationists now?"

Small Gov't Official: "It's a nasty situation, but I suppose we'll win. We are both going to get it in the neck at first. It isn't going to be any walk-over for anybody."—Condensed from a bulletin to the *Chicago Daily News*.

increase to the Master. To the 350 members of the congregation the deacons of St. Mark's distributed crisp new dollar bills. And when the day of reckoning rolled around three months later \$3,026 was returned for the building fund.

What these suburban Methodist business men had done was to invest their dollars in their hobbies. Bridge sharks gave instructions; amateur photographers enlarged and framed their best shots for sale, and so on down the list.—*Nation's Business*, 12-41.

CIVILIZATION—Blindness

Men and women in almost every country seem to have an inexplicable but fatal propensity toward making the ostrich their own national symbol—or perhaps just a universal emblem of the age in which we live.—LELAND STOWE, *No Other Road to Freedom*, (Knopf, \$3).

CIVILIZATION—Decline

We are going to pay for sixty years of de-Christianization, falling birth rates, decline into paganism and materialism. We have worn out the patience of Providence; we have disgraced the good God Himself.—Editorial in a Paris Newspaper.

DEFENSE—Co-operation

Co-operation such as this set the stride for the nation's defense efforts. Bluntly, OPM head, William S. Knudsen called K. T. Keller, Chrysler Corporation president, on the telephone about a year ago.

"K. T., will you make tanks?"
"Yes, Bill. Where can I see one?"
—PAUL McCREA, "Industry is Going 'Great Guns,'" *Nation's Business*, 12-41.

They Run Like Hell in London but do not Run Away

They run like hell in London
Whenever there's a raid—
They run like hell in London
Because they are afraid,
That someone hurt in London
May be in need of aid.

They run like hell in London
The police, the A.R.P.,
The fireman and the nurses,
Although they cannot see.
They run like hell in London
From dark till break of day;
And though it's hell in London,
They do not run away.

—*London Evening Standard*.

DEFENSE—Economy

This season your Christmas gift may come in a paper box prominently labeled: "For Defense—save and sell this empty carton." . . . OPM is asking retailers and citizens to economize on gift boxes, tissue, wrapping paper, etc. . . . Pacific Coast stores now caution customers: "We cannot furnish sacks or wrappings for small parcels. Please bring your own containers." . . . In England last week the Queen Mother carried her own wrapping paper when she went Christmas shopping.

Zoo-ology

The skunk was all astrut at the Bronx zoo today. He looked as if a weight had been lifted from his shoulders.

The jackals preened themselves and stood unconcernedly near the nameplates that identified them for what they were.

The coyotes had quit their sulkings and walked proudly about their cages.

The hyenas were almost putting on airs, and in the reptile house the rattlesnakes coiled and slithered with a new-found dignity.

Word of Japan's attack on the United States had reached the zoo. —HENRY MCLEMORE in his Syndicated Column.

Can do!

Bleak as the world situation is, there is reason to be encouraged. There never was a good fighter who started the round by hitting below the belt. Mr. Whiskers has always been able to handle that kind with light left jabs.—JOE WILLIAMS, Scripps-Howard Sportswriter.

FASCISM

An Italian asked a newsdealer for a copy of the newspaper, "Regime Fascista" or "Fascist Rule." The news dealer shook his head. "We have no more 'Regime Fascista.'"

The customer came back smiling in a few minutes to repeat his request. "We have no more 'Regime Fascista,'" the dealer said again. Five minutes later the man asked again, and the dealer was annoyed. "Signor," he said, "for the third and last time I tell you we have no more 'Regime Fascista.'"

"I know," said the man. "But even if it isn't true, it sounds so good."—New York Post.

A Christmas Letter

By MANUEL KOMROFF

Dear Children:

Once a year on the eve of Christmas, by special permission of the angels in heaven, all animals are allowed to speak with each other. All year long they are dumb and silent. But on this one night, their tongues are loosened and all over the world they speak with each other. We find them now discussing Christmas and arguing which had done the greater part in giving this Great Day to the World.

"All night long, and a good part of the following day" said the leader of the sheep, "we were alone without our good shepherds. Is that not something? Is it nothing to give up your protectors so that they may go and find the Child and tell everyone who He is? Have we not done something for Christmas?"

"That is nothing" spoke the ox. "I gave up my stall and my manger."

"And it was I who brought Mary and Joseph on the long journey from Nazareth," said the donkey. "Surely that is more than any."

But one of the camels also spoke up: "We traveled much further. We came across hot deserts from the East and we not only brought the Three Kings, but each King had a costly present for the Child. Surely we have a right to be proud for we did more than any."

"Go on, lion" piped the little mouse. "You decide and let's not have any more arguments, for in another minute or two the trumpets will blow and bells will toll and we shall want to wish each other Merry Christmas."

The lion hesitated for he feared that his verdict might not please some of the contestants. He thought also that the camels were a little too

haughty and he thought the sheep did very little indeed.

Suddenly there was a loud blast of a trumpet and in one great swoop the angel Gabriel descended from the sky and stood before them.

"It is all very simple," spoke Gabriel. "All have a right to be proud and all have done everything they could for Christmas. And even those who were not in Bethlehem on that night, they too have helped. For Christmas is not born in one place or in another place. Christmas is all over for it lives in the hearts of all men."

"And animals too" piped the little mouse.

"Yes, and in the hearts of animals too," added the great and wise angel Gabriel.

"Now I am glad that is settled," said the little mouse.

"I am also glad," said the lion.

"And I am content with the verdict," said the ox.

"It pleases me," said the donkey.

The camels and sheep were also satisfied. And seeing that all were content, the angel Gabriel flapped his wings and flew off.

A loud blast of trumpets and the ringing of bells announced that Christmas was already upon them.

"There it is!" cried the little mouse. "I am the first to call: Merry Christmas! God bless everyone!"

And the animals went about on this night, when by special permission of the angels in heaven they are allowed to speak, and wished each other Merry Christmas. —Condensed from Mr. Komroff's delightful little gift book, *A CHRISTMAS LETTER*, illustrated by the author. (American Artists Group, .50).

FOOD HABITS—Changing

America's eating habits are going to be changed by this World War—all because a million and a half, and maybe more, young American soldiers are acquiring new ideas of what's good to eat. When they go marching home, it will be up to mothers and brides, not to mention the farmers and grocers, to meet the young men's new food demands.—Col. R. A. OSMUN, Army Quartermaster Corps.

GLAMOUR

There is a vast gap between beauty and glamour. . . . Extreme youth, no matter how beautiful, is never

glamorous. Glamour is as imaginary as the unicorn, the golden fleece and the Jabberwock. It's a matter of symbols . . . and its mantel is mystery. —ELSA MAXWELL, in her Syndicated Column.

HEREDITY

The man who would avoid baldness had better use greater care in the choice of his ancestors.—HERBERT RATTNER.

HONESTY

Climax of a quarrel—"I'm as honest as you are, you thief!"—Chicago Daily Tribune, 12-4-41.

News of the New

ARMY: Denim is doomed! The familiar blue fatigue uniform is out. Henceforth, soldiers will peel onions, dive under stalled trucks, clean up camp in a natty 3-piece outfit of olive drab herringbone twill.

Australasian army is experimenting with carotin, derived from raw carrots, as aid to night vision. Possibility: mechanized unit drivers may be able to operate at night without lights.

" "

AVIATION: Modern pilot must learn to relax, says Mayo clinic nerve specialist Dr. M. N. Walsh. Recommends such hobbies as stamp collecting, gadget making, study of foreign languages. "Man is so far behind the airplane in efficiency" counsels Dr. Walsh "that it will be difficult to catch up."

" "

INVENTION: Another horror of war—the disappearing hairpin—has been averted in nick of time, according to Hair Stylist Mabel Humphrey, who declares finger wave can be sewed in with needle and thread better and more comfortably than it can be fastened with pins. "I'll save thousands of tons of steel for nat'l defense" says patriotic Miss Humphrey.

Now, it's a new sparkplug using electrodes made of polonium, a radioactive metal. Quicker starting; more power with less gasoline.

Those new "super" British bombs you've read about contain RDX and pentolite, powerful new secret explosives with 40% more bursting power than TNT.

" "

SCIENCE: American Medical Ass'n has belatedly recognized massage and exercise treatment for paralyzed muscles, developed and used successfully by Australian nurse, Sister Elizabeth Kenny, over 30-year period. Sister Elizabeth began practice in U. S. last year, has worked at U. of Minn., and received small grant from Nat'l Foundation for Infantile Paralysis.

A strange story of flash bulbs, lighted by a person's own muscles, to aid paralysis victim regain movement of inert limbs, was told this week to Nat'l Foundation for Infantile Paralysis. Reporters were doctors from U. of Chicago. These lights train the mind in cases where old muscular pathway from the brain has been lost, and it becomes necessary to develop a new one.

JAPANESE-CHINESE RELATIONS

Phil Baker was recently introduced to Dr. Hu Shih, the Chinese ambassador. The conversation turned to economics and Baker was in doubt about China's exports. He asked: "What is China anxious to export?"

"Right now," replied the ambassador, "the Japanese."—WALTER WINECHELL, in his column *On Broadway*.

Prophetic

He says, "My reign is peace," so slays

A thousand in the dead of night.
"Are you all happy now?" he says.
And those he leaves behind cry
"Quite!"

He swears he will have no contention,

And sets all nations by the ears;
He shouts aloud, "No intervention!"

Invades, and drowns them all in tears.

—WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR, who died in 1864.

LABOR UNIONS—Control

A salesman for a firm of vitamin makers was trying to sell a manufacturer on buying the product for his workers. The answer was one for which his repertory of sales arguments had no counter:

"If your vitamins do my men any good," said the manufacturer, "their three unions will accuse me of plotting to speed up labor."—*Tide*.

LANGUAGE—Irish

In front of Dublin's Gresham Hotel paraded a draggled procession of youngsters carrying a banner reading, "If you are Irish, be Irish, speak Irish." The banner was written in English. "Tis a pity they bother," remarked a priest on the verandah, looking up from his prayer book. "For truth, we spoke more Irish when it was forbidden." "Right you are, Father," a portly Irishman replied. "If this keeps on, 'tis soon they'll have us illiterate in two languages."—WILLIAM BAYLES, "Report from Ireland," *The American Mercury*, 12-41.

LIFE—Discouragement

A London Bobby rushed up and grabbed a woebegone looking chap about to plunge head first off the bridge into the river. "Now, now," said the jovial officer, "let's not have this happen."

"But life is so awful," moaned the would-be suicide.

"Well, let's at least talk it over," pleaded the Bobby.

And when they'd talked it all over they both jumped in.—JOSEPH FORT NEWTON in his Column "Everyday Religion," *Detroit Free Press*, 12-2-41

MARRIED LIFE

If I were a wife, I wouldn't take my husband's occasional flirtations too seriously. I would concentrate on making myself *fun* as well as faithful. I wouldn't look at every unmarried girl with dire suspicion. I wouldn't ever say, "I will never forgive you for this."

If I were a wife—but I am not a wife. I wonder what I *would do*?—ANONYMOUS, *Everywoman's Magazine*.

MEDICINE—Surgery

The main trouble with surgery nowadays is that it is too safe. The very factor which has made modern surgery has tended to make it dangerous by encouraging an excess of operating. . . . There is more to the art of surgery than operations; there is knowing when not to operate.—MILES ATKINSON, M.D., "Too Much Surgery?" *American Mercury*, 12-41.

OPINION—Of Hitler

Minneapolis opening of "Major Barbara," featured a long distance talk with its author, George Bernard Shaw. In the course of the conversation Shaw was asked, "What do you think of Hitler?" His reply, "My boy, it would take 20,000 words for me to answer that one. But I'll do it, in writing for you, if it's worth \$50,000 to you. How about it?"—*The Film Daily*, 11-26-41.

PARENT-CHILD RELATIONS

John Dewey's study in his house at Ann Arbor, while he was professor of philosophy at the University of Michigan, was directly under the bathroom. He was sitting there one day, absorbed in a new theory of arithmetic, when suddenly he felt a stream of water trickling down his back. He jumped out of his chair and rushed upstairs to find the bathtub occupied by a fleet of sailboats, the water brimming over, and his small son Fred busy with both hands shutting it off. The child turned as he opened the door, and said severely, "Don't argue, John—get a mop!"—MAX EASTMAN, "John Dewey," *The Atlantic Monthly*, 12-41.

Alphabet Aid

New gov't bureaus are springing up so rapidly these days that it is difficult to keep track of them—doubly so, under the whimsical New Deal plan of designating these services by their initials. To be sure, some have titles so long and involved that initializing would be ridiculous. But here is a handy reference list of the newer bureaus often referred to in public prints:

ADR, Office of Agricultural Defense Relations.

COI, Co-Ordinator of Information.

EDB, Economic Defense Board.

OCD, Office of Civilian Defense.

OEM, Office of Emergency Management.

OFF, Office of Facts and Figures.

OPA, Office of Price Administration.

OPM, Office of Production Management.

SPAB, Supply Priorities and Allocation Board.

PRAYER—Reliance

Two British soldiers, passing a Jerusalem synagogue, inquired of a little boy why there was such a commotion inside. . . . The lad explained that special services had been decreed and that prayer for Britain was in progress. . . . After the soldiers walked away, the boy's father, who had been watching from a distance, came over to ask his son what he told the Britons. . . . Proudly the youngster reported his conversation. "Don't you know better than to tell them that?" said the father administering two resounding slaps, "Now they'll rely on us to win the war!" —*National Jewish Monthly*, 12-41.

PRISONS—Prisoners

In Ecuador a prisoner receives wages, the current wages that would be paid if the man worked outside. The wages are divided into three parts. One-third goes to the prison, and by this the institution supports itself; one-third goes to the man for pocket money; and one-third is saved for him with interest, for the day when he is freed. If he has a family, the pocket money and the savings account are split according to the needs of his wife and children, but he must receive some money for himself, and a small sum for his freedom; he may not want to go back to his family.—Related by the prison warden in *LUDWIG BEMELMAN'S The Donkey Inside*, (Viking, \$3).

American Scene**America Welcomes Einstein**

By H. ALLEN SMITH

I remember the day, 11 years ago this month, when we gentlemen of the press welcomed Albert Einstein to New York. It was one of the maddest, craziest assignments I ever had.

Einstein had never been in New York before, and the press was ready for him. More than 100 reporters and photographers met the *Belgenland* at Quarantine, and we all but tore down the rails as we swarmed aboard, each eager to be first to reach the great physicist.

Einstein was waiting in a lounge and before you could say atom he was surrounded by a screaming, shoving mob. None of us, apparently, had any notion about his accomplishments. All we knew was that he thought such big and intricate thoughts that nobody else could understand them.

He sat there serene amid all this tumult, slowly looking around at the clamoring circle. All the reporters seemed to be yelling questions at once. Some screamed in German, some in Yiddish, some in English, and a few whooped their queries in High Dutch.

Then a look of bewilderment came on Einstein's face. He turned to his

wife and said, "They are like a pack of hungry wolves."

One young man kept demanding that the physicist give him relativity in 10 words. Another was shouting, "What is bent space?" Still another was insisting on an explanation of "space-time."

The benign professor smiled as the wolf-pack pressed closer and the shouting grew louder. At last he spoke: "A cow can give only a certain quantity of milk at a stated time."

The ship finally docked after several fist fights between reporters and photographers. The photographers charged that the reporters were hogging Einstein.

So persistent were the reporters in dogging his trail that the good gray professor was unable to leave the ship until the following day.

Now, Einstein, a naturalized citizen, lives quietly in Princeton, 50 miles out of New York. Nobody bothers him much as he trudges quietly about the University town in slacks and an old sweater, smoking his pipe and talking casually with the Greek restaurant proprietor or the Italian barber.—Condensed from Mr. Smith's column, *The Totem Pole*.

SECRECY—Japanese

The Japanese are always buying the latest inventions—to copy. They purchased an American passenger plane some years ago, and the minute it was unloaded the plane automatically became a national secret. The plane was the largest the Japanese had ever seen—the gadgets had them dizzy, but they figured they would learn fast, copy at once, and the sky would soon roar with the great winged production from America. The engineer who delivered the plane was supposed to demonstrate take-offs and landings. But he was hustled off without even a chance to see it again. "No," he was told, "this plane is a secret."

Halfway back to San Francisco he received a wireless. On its test flight the \$250,000 plane landed half in the water, half on land at the edge of a concrete pier.

Secretive Japan bought another plane.—*Flying and Popular Aviation*, 12-41*

TAXES—British

Percy Lister, member of British Purchasing Commission, soothes U. S. taxpayers with this personal experience:

In 1937, he and associates purchased an established business then running in the red. Under new management it prospered; last year showed a profit of \$1,500,000. But the owners didn't get a nickel; in fact, owed the gov't money. Here's why:

On the \$1,500,000 profit, the tax was 50%—\$750,000. In addition, where profits are over \$1,000,000, the gov't takes 100% of the first \$1,000,000. That made the tax, according to gov't figures, \$1,750,000. The owners protested that they had made only \$1,500,000.

"That's quite all right" said the tax official. The gov't has made provision for such cases. We will take a mortgage on your plant, and lend you the \$250,000 necessary to pay your tax."

GENS FROM Yesteryear

INASMUCH

By HEYWOOD BROUN

This Christmas story appeared originally in Mr. Broun's column in The New York Tribune, was later included in a book of miscellany published under the general title, SEEING THINGS AT NIGHT (Harcourt, 1921).

Once there lived near Bethlehem a man named Simon and his wife Deborah. And Deborah dreamed a curious dream. She roused her husband and told him: "Tomorrow night in Bethlehem the King of the World will be born. Come, you and I must prepare presents."

Then, although it was not yet light, Deborah got up and began to bake a cake, and Simon got holly and made a wreath. They found a battered wooden duck that had belonged to their eldest son. Simon painted the toy as best he could. Deborah told him to take it, the cake and the wreath and go to Bethlehem.

It was almost sunset when Simon started down the road. Scarcely an hour had passed when he returned, walking very slowly. "You haven't been to Bethlehem" said Deborah. "and where are the gifts for the King of the World?"

Simon spoke: "I found a child crying. I put down the cake to take him in my arms, and a bit of the icing chipped off. I thought the baby in Bethlehem wouldn't miss a little icing, so I gave it to the child and he stopped crying. I just sort of squeezed another little piece of icing off, to please the child—and, well, soon the cake was gone. The child looked as though he might cry again, so I showed him the duck, and he said 'Ta-ta'. I just meant to lend him the duck, but he wouldn't give it back. Then a woman came out and scolded the child for being late. I told her it was my fault, and gave her the wreath, so she wouldn't be mad at the child. After that, I hadn't anything to take to Bethlehem, so I came back here."

Deborah began to cry, and Simon didn't know what to say or do. But suddenly the room was flooded with light. The stars danced in the sky, and from high above came the voices of angels singing.

Deborah dropped to her knees in a panic of joy. Simon knelt beside her, but first he said, "I thought maybe the baby in Bethlehem wouldn't mind so very much."

Good Stories YOU CAN USE...

A good beginning oftentimes means a great deal. To emphasize the point may we remind you of the case of the young man who, desiring to marry, secured a favorable hearing from his sweetheart's irascible father by opening the interview with these words: "Sir, I know a way whereby you can save a lot of money!"—*Wall Street Journal*.

"I LAUGHED AT THIS ONE"

CAROLINE HAZLETT, British lecturer.

An English housewife's home was hit by a bomb. She came running out into the street, weeping and wringing her hands—begging passers-by to help get her possessions out of the flames.

"Where's your husband?" asked an air-raid warden.

"My husband!" wailed the housewife. "He joined the army, the coward!"

While Feodor Chaliapin, the Russian basso, was appearing in opera in New York, he suddenly remembered one evening that there was a certain article of clothing he would need immediately after the performance, and he was wondering how he could get it. He then noticed his valet sitting in the audience and the solution was at hand.

Knowing quite well that hardly anyone in the audience understood Russian—the tongue in which the opera was being given—Chaliapin during an aria changed the lyrics. Instead of singing, "Darling, you are gorgeous as a wind-blown rose," he sang: "Ivan, go home and get me a clean suit of underwear."—DALE HARRISON, in his Syndicated Column, *Everybody's New York*.

" "

A small boy who had been reading the papers said: "Daddy, do the Germans call their country the Fatherland?"

"Yes, my boy."

"And don't we call our country the Motherland?"

"That's right."

"Hurray, we're going to win!"—*Chanute Field Wings*.

A Cockney tar and a Brooklyn gob were fraternizing in a local pub, and presently after a few drinks they began to argue over the virtues of their respective navies.

One thing led to another, as usual, and finally the American, with a tactless allusion to 1776, said: "Aw, the hell with King George!"

The Britisher's jaw dropped; the shocking words had him completely dumbfounded. When articulation returned to him, he cried in a furious counterblast: "And to 'ell with Bybe Ruth!"—*The Bermudian*.

WISECRACKS of the Week

The world of culture is divided north and south by lines of longitude; east and west by lines of latitude.

"Germany has no desire to injure her friends," says the Berlin *Angriff*. As a matter of fact, Germany can shoot in almost every direction without fear of hitting friends.—*Punch, London*.

Newest parody on a current popular song title: "I Don't Want to Set the World on Fuhrer!"

A good listener is usually thinking about something else.

No longer need Il Duce urge Italians to "live dangerously." The British are taking care of that.—*San Francisco Chronicle*.

The new recruit had made the fatal mistake of failing to salute a second lieutenant, and the latter was prescribing his punishment, when the colonel of the battalion came along and enquired the trouble.

"He failed to salute, sir," reported the lieutenant.

"What do you propose to do about it?" asked the O. C.

"I have ordered him to stand and salute two hundred times, sir."

"Quite right," replied the colonel. "Proceed with the punishment. But remember, every time he salutes you must salute back."—*Financial Post*.

